

Pot Boy

Pot Boy!

Oi!

Pot Boy!

Go get the door!

Well, I thinks to m'self,

That's not what we're for.

But I don't want no trouble

And I knows my place,

So I flings back the bolt

And I stares into space.

There's a voice in the darkness

I'm Joseph it says

Good for you, I reply

And I'd never have guessed

And what can I do you for

On this cold winter's night?

Cos, to be out and about

Well, I know it's not right

Then he points to a figure

On a donkey, so thin

Says, *Mary's expecting*

Is there room at your inn?

You've got to be jokin'

With Herod's census and that

But I'll check with the boss

And I'll see where we're at

So, a few minutes later

And I'm shakin' my head

Nothing indoors

Not a single spare bed

But given your plight

He says we are able

Just for one night

To give you the stable.

Well, his face it lights up

And I shows them the way

To their room for the night

And their bed in the hay

It's snug and it's warm

With the cows and the sheep

So, I wish you good night

And hope you both sleep

And as I'm returning

I look up at the sky

And it's true, there's a star there

Like the shepherds espied

But you know what they're like

How they spend all their days

Staring at nothing

In their odd shepherd ways

But it's there, and it's hanging

Just like they said

But I'm cold and I'm tired

And I heads off to bed

Though sleep, it eludes me,

Cos there's something not right

With the pair in the stable

And the star in the night...

...When finally I wake

To the old donkey's bray
And I get myself set
For another long day
I am sure that I hear
A new baby's cry
And the voices of angels
That fill up the sky
And a peace then descends
On kin, friend, and stranger
And all for the babe
Asleep in the manger.

Mike Lansdown December 2025